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APPENDICES

Abbas
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22

HAPPENINGS

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— . —

ILLUSTRATED

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AUBURN, ME. :
LAKESIDE PRESS, PUBLISHERS.
1888.

1882

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Happenings.

—•••—

As I carelessly walked by the sea, one day,
I passed by a boatman who quietly lay
Upon the warm sand with his rod by his side,
A boat anchored near on the rippling tide.
Why did he lie there so idle, and wait?
Were there no fishes to catch with his bait?

Ah me!

Why did the boatman wait!

A maiden swung lightly her hammock near by,
Her ringlets were golden, her eyes like the sky,
A song, like an echo of love, filled the air,
As pure as the morning, as trustful as prayer.
Adown by the sea rocked the boat to and fro,
The waves were alight with the sun's afterglow.

Ah me!

Why sang the maiden so low!

At eve I returned from my walk by the cliff,
Two lovers I saw as they entered the skiff.
The stars were now glinting and dimpling above,
The pines were still sighing their vespers of love,
The moonbeams were thrusting their darts
through the tree
Where the hammock was swinging—now idle
and free.

Ah me!

Two lovers were gliding on over the sea.

HAPPENINGS.



M I eagerly walked
by the sea
one day.

D



I passed by a boatman who quietly lay
Upon the warm sand, with
his rod by his side,



A boat anchored near on the
rippling tide.
Why did he lie there so
idle and wait?
Were there no fishes to
catch with his bait?
Ah me!
Why did the boatman wait?



A maiden swung lightly
her hammock near by;
Her ringlets were golden,
her eyes like the sky,

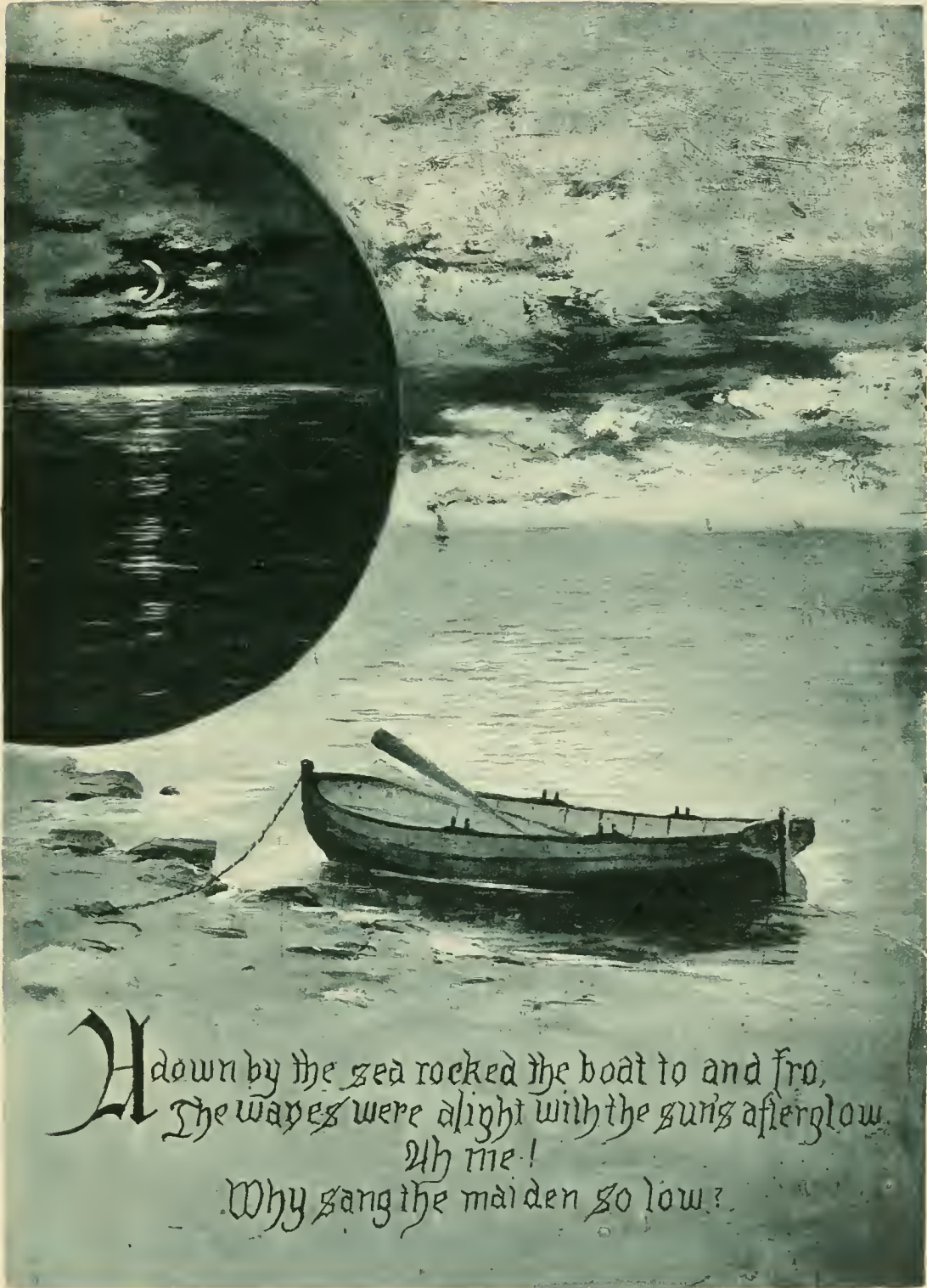


As long
like an echo
of love

filled the air

As pure as
the morning
as trustful
as prayer

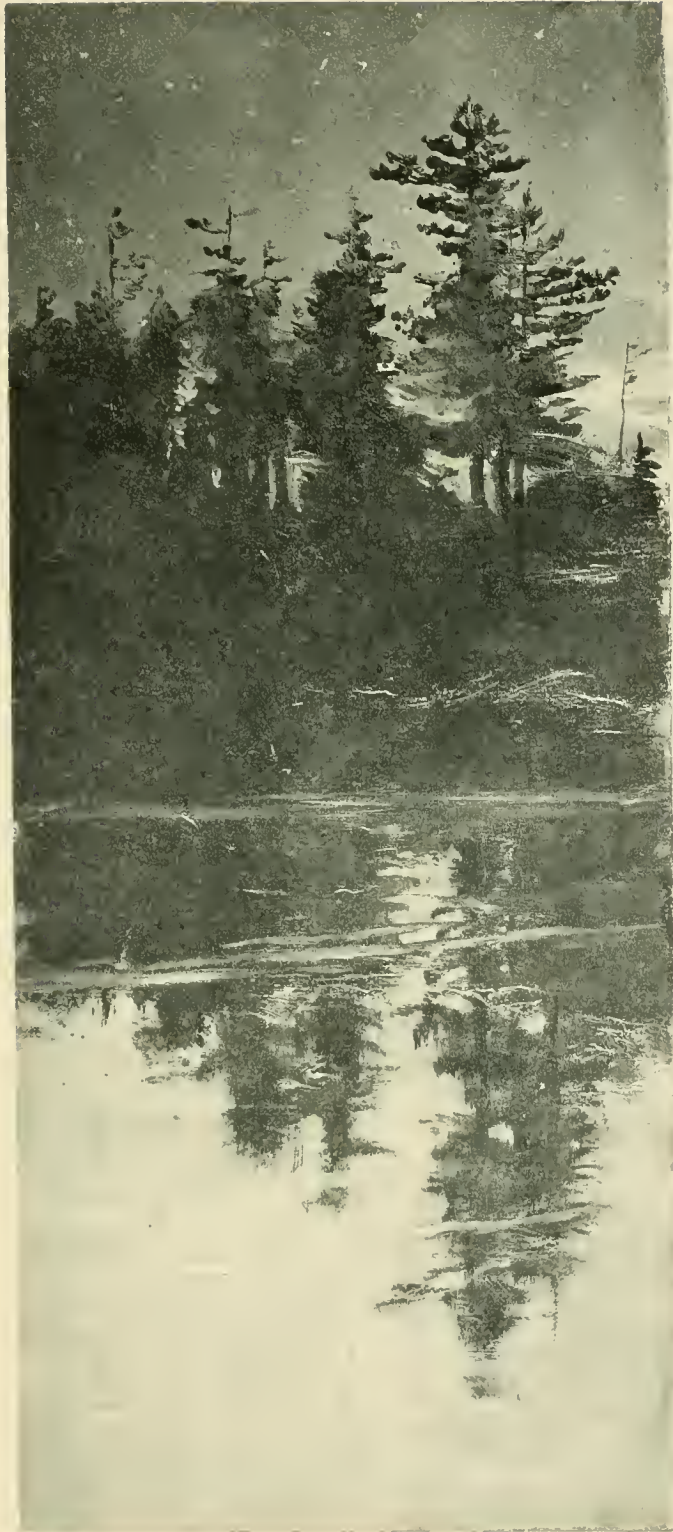




Adown by the sea rocked the boat to and fro,
The waves were alight with the sun's afterglow.
Ah me!
Why sang the maiden so low?



Here I returned from my walk
Two lovers I saw ^{by the cliff} as they entered
the skiff.



The stars
were now glinting
and dimpling
above;
The pines
were still sighing
their vesper
of love;



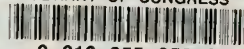
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Where the hammock was
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Ah me!
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